THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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GENERAL REVIEW *of* EUROPEAN POLITICS.

For DECEMBER, 1792.

AMBITION OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

IT has been frequently obſerved, that thoſe men are the moſt happy whoſe exploits furniſh little matter for hiſtorical narration; whoſe actions are forgotten in the inſtant of their performance; and whoſe remembrance is buried in the tomb which covers their aſhes. If this remark be well-founded, the preſent generation is moſt miſerable; the ſucceſſion of important occurrences which preſents itſelf to our view, outſtrips the flight of the boldeſt imagination, and exceeds the prognoſtications of the moſt ſagacious politician. There is a tide in the affairs of nations, as well as in thoſe of individuals, operating with a certainty which excludes the idea of chance, and an uniformity which is eaſily traced to permanent principles.

The people of France, with opportunities of internal happineſs which Providence has granted to few, ſeem ever to have derived more pleaſure from diſturbing their neighbours, than improving the advantages which nature has beſtowed. During the long reign of ſuperſtition and deſpotiſm in that country, every knee was compelled to bend before the triple crown of the Roman Pontiff, and every tongue to confeſs the glory of the Grand Monarque. Liberty and equality are now become the Shibboleth of the French, and contributions and impoſts are levied upon thoſe who refuſe to pronounce the hallowed ſounds;

whether enslaved or free, the desire of domination is their distinguishing characteristic.

In the various speculations to which the events in that kingdom have given rise, no due estimate has been made of the character of its inhabitants, and their capacity of tasting the benefits of freedom. The eye which shrinks from the blaze of the meridian sun, may be cheered and comforted by its rising effulgence: The insufferable heat of the former will rouse into delirium, or sink into lassitude; the general warmth of the latter will animate exertion, and invigorate hope. To change a corrupted monarchy into a virtuous republic, is beyond the power of the wisest of the human race; to regenerate man is the province of the Almighty; the most favoured of his creatures can only employ the talents which his Maker has bestowed, in modifying the vices of human nature, improving its condition, and bringing it gradually nearer and nearer the source of all perfection. To attempt more may be the error of good minds; but experience tells us, that should partial success produce an extraordinary elevation, its permanency will be only more precarious, and its downfall more conspicuous.

The founders of the new constitution of France have successively lost reputation, liberty, and life; the once popular La Fayette, compelled to fly by the ingratitude of his fellow-citizens, languishes in hopeless captivity; and the remains of the illustrious Mirabeau have been scattered to the winds of heaven; his statues have been demolished, and his memory proscribed. If sober observers trembled at the success of the combined armies, as threatening the revival of the days of Attila and Jenghiz Khan, what prospect of amendment can they derive from the many-headed commonwealth of Anacharsis Cloots, or the exterminating tenets of Roberspierre? Like the pernicious drugs of mountebanks, they are equally calculated for the murder of the patient, who is only left to the sad choice of selecting the poison which will soonest terminate a wretched existence. *Ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant*, says the indignant Galgacus to his Caledonian tribes, when encouraging them to repel the invading Romans; and if liberty be prostituted to licentiousness, and the forms of justice to assassination, ought they not to be rejected with as much disdain as the peace of Agricola by the independent Highlanders?

INTERNAL

INTERNAL SITUATION OF GREAT-BRITAIN.

Notwithſtanding theſe mournful reflections, we were ſtill congratulating ourſelves in the tranquillity which this iſland enjoyed amidſt the general convulſion; we were conſidering it as the refuge of the unfortunate, the aſylum of the perſecuted, the manſion of peace. Great Britain, we truſted, was too proud to dread the influence of France, and too powerful to be alarmed at her progreſs; but now the partition which ſeparated us from ſurrounding nations, is tottering to the foundation, and we are about to be involved in the boundleſs confuſion, and univerſal war, which deſolate the Continent. This alteration in our circumſtances has not been effected by the victories of a Dumourier, the conqueſt of the Auſtrian Netherlands, or the ſubjugation of Savoy, but ariſes from the groundleſs apprehenſion of commotion at home.

In thoſe meetings of clubs and ſocieties, where the unconcerned ſpectator could only ſmile at the warm ebullitions of momentary intemperance: in thoſe debating ſocieties, where he could behold with approbation youthful genius timidly trying her new-fledged wings; the lynxean glance of our vigilant adminiſtration diſcerned ſchemes of rebellion, and plans for the ſubverſion of the government. The alarm was given, and its refutation followed; profeſſions of loyalty poured in from every corner of the kingdom, which, though they may increaſe the confidence of our rulers, make their ſincerity ſuſpected. The clamour for reformation is drowned in declarations of unconditional attachment; but the neceſſity of the one is demonſtrated by the convincing deductions of the moſt illuminated underſtandings, while the other will paſs away, together with the fleeting popularity to which it is indebted for its origin. If much of the proſperity of this country may be aſcribed to circumſtances, in producing which government has had no ſhare, it muſt be allowed, on the other hand, that many of the grievances of which we complain may be more juſtly imputed to the imperceptible, but certain decay of every human inſtitution, rather than to the peculiar miſconduct of the preſent ſervants of the crown. They are culpable only when they refuſe to liſten to the univerſal ſenſe of an awakened people, or endeavour to poſtpone the ſeaſon of amendment by exciting alarms for the ſafety of the conſtitution, when nothing but a reſtoration of its principles is requiſite.

The Revolution in 1688 compelled the executive authority to alter its mode of encroaching upon the rights of the ſubject,

but did not procure absolute security from all invasions. The lion of the prerogative was converted into the serpent of influence; our ancestors burst their chain on the necks of their oppressors; we kiss the hand which ties the gentle ligament. That civil liberty which results from the pure administration of justice, the impartial decisions of law, and the sure defence of property, is the portion of every inhabitant of the island; but that political freedom, which promotes the harmony of the social order by enlarging the researches of the human mind, and fixes the structure of government on an immutable basis, by ascertaining its necessary connexion with the welfare of the community, is shared by few, and disregarded by all.

The strong prejudices in favour of hereditary rights, and the experience of the calamities which the republican despotism of Cromwell had produced, made the patriots of England, at the era to which we have alluded, more solicitous to determine the succession to the throne, than careful to limit its privileges, and provident to guard against its excesses. When the idol which ancient ignorance had adored was felled to the ground, they stripped it of some of its trappings to adorn the pure divinity whose worship they had substituted in its stead.—To this unpardonable negligence we must attribute that inequality in representation which is the primary source of all our evils. In the earlier periods of our history we observe that the elective franchise was rather regarded as a benefit flowing from the bounty of the Sovereign, than a privilege resulting to the people from the just form of every freely constituted political union.

The necessary fluctuations of property, and the alterations of circumstances consequent upon them, reduced these ancient corporations to total insignificance, and raised other districts to wealth and importance; but the continuance of their charters secured the perpetuity of nominating the members to the old boroughs, while the contempt into which they had fallen prevented their successors from requiring similar rights. Relying upon the assistance he could derive from this eventual inequality, Sir Robert Walpole digested and carried into execution a plan of corruption which gave permanency to a temporary mischief, and, after it had grown to maturity, protected the parent to which it was indebted for its establishment. The famous septennial act was the earliest fruit of this iniquitous system; the pressure of temporary emergencies was urged as a sufficient reason for passing a law which shook the pillars of the constitution, which some have exclaimed against as a

breach

breach of trust, and others have condemned as dissolving the social compact; which has lulled the nation into indifference, and armed Ministers with power; has changed the energy of patriotism into the apathy of indifference, and converted the independent sons of Britain into seat-buyers, pensioners, and courtiers. The pacific disposition of Walpole, however, as it prevented occasions for additional taxes, and facilitated the extension of our commercial projects, insured a degree of popularity, and shielded him from the hand of justice. The splendor of Lord Chatham's administration dissipated every system of discontent, and, fascinated by the glare of triumph and victory, England bore her accumulated burdens with satisfaction, and deemed momentary success an ample indemnification for lengthened oppression.

The contest with America, in its progress so fatal, but perhaps more beneficial in its result than injurious in its commencement, awakened the people from their lethargy. The continuance of the war convinced them that the controling power of withholding supplies, which constitutionally rested in the House of Commons, had dwindled into a shadow, and, on its termination in the year 1783, reformation was recommended as the sole method of avoiding ruin. But the celebrated India bill, which drove Mr. Fox from power, the commercial treaty with France, the abolition of the slave-trade, the hostilities with Tippoo Saib, the Spanish Convention, and the Russian armament, successively amused the public mind, and diverted its pursuit from the principal object of attention.

The unparalleled excesses of the French in the course of the convulsions which have agitated that country, have been now urged as reasons against any melioration of our condition; and because our impetuous and immoral neighbours have disgraced the bright cause for which they fought, and the spotless laurels which they once acquired, by the most abominable cruelty and relentless barbarity; the wise, the virtuous, and intelligent Briton, must be forced to continue as he was, under all the evils of a partial and unequal representation. We trust that this evil will be soon corrected, and that the unequivocal declarations of our fellow-citizens will demonstrate its futility; that this island will still remain the abode of national freedom; and that the tree of liberty, which the pernicious novelties, the flagitious prejudices, and blood-thirsty disposition, of our ancient rivals, will probably nip in the bud, may continue to overshadow us with its branches, and put forth her leaves for the healing of the nation.

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The King's ſpeech, on the meeting of Parliament, ſeemed to indicate approaching hoſtilities with France. The ſcheme of conquering by incorporation, which the unexpected ſucceſs of that country has induced it to adopt, though it may excite tranſient alarm in the mind of a ſuperficial obſerver, is too heterogeneous in its nature to excite any ſerious apprehenſions.—Without any effort for its overthrow, the diſcordant maſs will crumble to pieces; and, in the preſent ſtate of the nation, it would be the ſummit of political folly to engage in a war with a ſtate rendered deſperate from poverty, and valiant from neceſſity. Our flouriſhing commerce may be deſtroyed, while there is none on which we can retaliate. The poſſeſſion of new colonies would only add to the ſize of an empire already too extenſive; and any attempt to check the progreſs of France by land, would only diſplay our own imbecility, and increaſe her inſolence.

If the honour and humanity of Great Britain require an interpoſition in favour of *Louis the XVIth* and his unhappy wife and family, a remonſtrance might be deviſed equally remote from the language of threatening and the tone of ſubmiſſion, addreſſed to the underſtanding and the feelings of rational beings, ſoberly expoſtulating on the impropriety of their conduct, and calmly diſplaying the conſequences of their miſbehaviour. If this method of proceeding ſhould fail, we cannot expect a more favourable iſſue from deeds of violence, and acts of bloodſhed. Revenge will ſtill recoil on the hands that uſe it; and the immutable laws of moral government prepare a puniſhment which we will vainly interpoſe to inflict.

The trial of Mr. Paine, for the publication of the ſecond part of the Rights of Man, has terminated in favour of the crown; though we cannot ſee what good effects the verdict will produce. The invention of the art of printing has produced a problem in legiſlation, which human reaſon has hitherto been unable to ſolve. Juriſprudence, as a ſcience deduced from the nature of man, and calculated for the regulation of his character, the protection of his rights, and the reſtraint of his vices, muſt vary in its principles, according to the different forms which ſociety aſſumes, and the diverſified irregularities to which its varying ſhades give riſe. If to the liberty of the preſs we are indebted for the ſublimeſt productions of the human intellect, the pureſt leſſons of morality, and the choiceſt morſels of eloquence, to it we muſt alſo aſcribe that inundation of licentious publications, which poiſon the imagination, aſſociate the ideas of vice and enjoyment in the youthful

ful mind, so inseparably, as never to be disjoined, and prematurely accomplish it for acting a distinguished part in the scenes of pleasure, which his ardent expectation has long anticipated, and from whose delusion nothing but the most fatal experience can ever extricate him. To prevent the art of printing from thus injuring the dearest rights of individuals, is the duty of every legislation. But as no government can have any other support than a conviction of its utility, every prosecution for political libels, implies a consciousness of weakness, and a dread of scrutiny; and, should such proceedings be crowned with success, punishment, unattended with disgrace, will awaken no contrition, and operate no amendment. A mixed constitution is more capable of a greater extension of this invaluable privilege, than an absolute monarchy or a pure republic. In the one it is checked by the will of the prince; in the other it is controlled by the despotism of law. Among us, every publication meets with a reward proportioned to its merit; and the equal power which all may enjoy of disseminating their opinions, demonstrates the precarious advantages to be derived from prosecutions for writings of whatever complexion.

The Continent of Europe. As yet nothing decisive has taken place. We are still in anxious expectation of the result of the trial of Louis XVI. General Miranda has added Ruremond to the number of his conquests, and Dumourier has taken Liege; while, on the other hand, Custine has been repulsed from Franckfort, of which the Austrians and Prussians have obtained possession. The slow proceedings of the Dutch leave us in uncertainty with respect to the measures they will adopt in consequence of the opening of the Scheldt; and though we may utter a wish for peace, yet the general fermentation of the world forbids us to indulge in the certain hope of tranquillity.

The HIGHLAND COMPLIMENT.

THE Marquis of Townshend, some few years ago, had a beautiful picture from Sir Joshua Reynolds, of the Marchioness, Mrs. Gardiner, and Mrs. Beresford. They were drawn as three Graces in a garden, and behind the bushes was the figure of a Satyr, supposed to be gazing on them. An Highland gentleman, who knew nothing of painting, was resolved to pay the Marquis a compliment, as he thought—"Eh, my gude Laird," said he, "I ha' seen the pecture: And to be

 sure

ſure the Laddies are all vera brae and handſome: But I ken they are nothing at aw to the leekneſs of your Lairdſhip in the back groond. I never ſaw ſic a reſemblance in my life."

The Marquis was ſo provoked at the moment, that he ran a poker through the picture.

The Hiſtory of Knowledge, Learning, and Taſte, in Great Britain, during the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. Part the Third.

[From the New Annual Regiſter, for the Year 1791.]

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THE hiſtory of tranſlation might be copiouſly purſued, as it was exerciſed with regard to the Italian and French authors, eſpecially the former; but it would carry us too far to enter into a full diſcuſſion of the ſubject. The books that were chiefly rendered into Engliſh were of the fictitious and narrative kind. Among the productions of this nature, thoſe of Boccace were the moſt diſtinguiſhed favourites; and the verſions that were made of different parts of them were very numerous. Indeed the Italian language now began to be ſo faſhionable, that lexicons and grammars of it, written in Engliſh, became common publications.

The principal perſons who figured as tranſlators, in the line we are treating of, were George Gaſcoigne, Geoffry Fenton, Thomas Turberville, George Whetſtone, and Sir James Harrington. To theſe, were it neceſſary, many other names might be added.—One of the works tranſlated by Gaſcoigne is a comedy of Arioſto's, called "Suppoſiti," which was acted at Gray's Inn. This tranſlation is in proſe; and it is obſervable that it was the firſt comedy in proſe which was compoſed in our language, and exhibited upon our ſtage.

The moſt valuable of Fenton's various performances muſt be reckoned his having given to the public a verſion of the twenty books of Guicciardin's Hiſtory of Italy; for herein he preſented to his readers not fiction but truth; and truth, too, of the firſt importance.

Sir James Harrington's tranſlation of Arioſto's Orlando Furioſo was too great an undertaking to let us ſuffer it to paſs unnoticed. It is true that it is neither executed with ſpirit nor with accuracy: Nevertheleſs, it contributed to enrich our

poetry

poetry with new ſtores for the imagination, both of the romantic and comic ſpecies. A wonderful union was preſented to the reader of Gothic machinery and familiar manners.

Although Fairfax is commonly ſuppoſed to be the firſt tranſlator of Taſſo, this was not the caſe. He was preceded, in the preſent reign, by an R. E. Eſq. and there is reaſon to believe that a ſimilar work, which exiſts only in manuſcript, was performed by Turberville. One effect of the tranſlations from Italian books was, that a preciſe and ſyſtematical knowledge of the ancient heathen theology ſeems to have been more univerſally circulated among the people of England. In general it may be obſerved, that the beſt ſtories of the early and original novelties of Italy, in one form or other, were given in an Engliſh dreſs. The verſions of French authors were leſs frequent, and for the moſt part of leſs importance. With regard to tranſlations from the ancients, Mr. Warton, to whom we are uncommonly obliged in the courſe of this article, has remarked, that almoſt all the Greek and Roman claſſics appeared before the year 1600. The remark we conſider as too general. Were we to enter into an enumeration of them, it would be ſeen that many of the fineſt claſſic writers, both in proſe and verſe, were left untranſlated.

Imperfect as the multifarious tranſlations of this period were, obſolete as they are now become, and ſucceeded as they have been by many works of the ſame nature, far more accurate, more judicious, and more elegant, they were, nevertheleſs, of great conſequence, in their day, to the general intereſts of knowledge and literature. They contributed, among other cauſes, to excite a ſpirit of criticiſm, and an attention to the laws of compoſition. However, previouſly to moſt of them, this ſpirit had been diſplayed, in a very inſtructive manner, with regard to one of the authors of the age, of whom little notice had been taken, till Mr. Warton drew him out of obſcurity. The gentleman we refer to is Thomas Wilſon, who, in Queen Mary's reign, (though he flouriſhed chiefly in Elizabeth's) publiſhed an Art of Rhetoric in Engliſh. A technical and elementary manual, in our own tongue, written by Leonard Cox, had, indeed, appeared many years before; but Wilſon's treatiſe is more liberal and diſcurſive. It has the merit of having illuſtrated the arts of eloquence by example, and of having examined and aſcertained the beauties of compoſition with the ſpeculative ſkill and ſagacity of a critic; ſo that his work may juſtly be conſidered as the firſt ſyſtem of criticiſm that appeared in our language. The four parts belonging to elocution

he ſtates to be plainneſs, aptneſs, compoſition, and exornation, and has ſome excellent obſervations on ſimplicity of ſtyle.

Among other leſſons, this, he ſays, ſhould firſt be learned, never to affect any ſtrange inkhorn terms, but to ſpeak as is commonly received; he ſtrongly condemns thoſe writers who ſeek ſo far for outlandiſh Engliſh, that they altogether forget their mother tongue. He enforces the application and explanation of the fables of antiquity, eſpecially as they exiſt in the Iliad and Odyſſey, and has ſome pertinent remarks on the moral purpoſes to which they ſhould be applied. The force of circumſtantial deſcription is recommended by him, which he calls an evident or plain ſetting forth of a thing as though it were preſently done; and he produces an inſtance of it from Quintilian, which affords a proof, that we were now beginning to make the beauties of the ancients our own. On the neceſſity of maintaining a due preſervation of character, he lays down ſome precepts which ſeem to be directed to the writers of hiſtorical plays; and he afterward points out the advantages of perſonification in enlivening compoſition. Prolix narratives, whether jocoſe or ſerious, not having yet ceaſed to be the entertainment of polite companies, Mr. Wilſon has not thought it inconſiſtent with the deſign of a general book of rhetoric to give rules for telling a tale with grace and ſpirit. It appears from the work, that to write elegantly in Engliſh now began to be faſhionable, and to meet with the higheſt applauſe.

This was ſo uncommon a production, in ſo early a period of our literary hiſtory, that it is but a juſt tribute of gratitude to the memory of Thomas Wilſon, to add a few biographical particulars concerning him. He was a native of Lincolnſhire, and, in 1541, was admitted a ſcholar of King's College, in Cambridge. He became a Fellow of the College, and, while he reſided at the Univerſity, was tutor to two celebrated youths, Henry Duke of Suffolk, and Lord Charles Brandon, his brother. In due courſe, he took the degree of Doctor of Laws, and was afterward one of the Ordinary Maſters of Requeſts, and Maſter of St. Katharine's Hoſpital near the Tower. Being a man of buſineſs as well as learning, he was at times employed by Queen Elizabeth as Ambaſſador to Mary Queen of Scots, and into the Low Countries. At length he roſe to be a Secretary of State, and a Privy Counſellor. In 1579 he was appointed Dean of Durham, and died in 1581. It is ſaid that Dr. Wilſon was endued with an uncommon ſtrength of memory, and that this enabled him to act with remarkable diſpatch

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in his negociations. He was the author of various other works beside the two which we have had occasion to mention, and was one of the most accomplished scholars of his time.

Another composition of a similar nature with Wilson's Art of Rhetoric, though more confined in its object, was Puttenham's Art of English Poesy. It is not, however, so strictly confined to poetry, as to any to exclude any observations that relate to eloquence in general. Puttenham had right notions of the true character of a poet, which is, to be possessed of a creative genius. Accordingly, he commonly uses the word "maker" for poet; and he was the first author that brought this expression into fashion, the significancy of which has been much commended by Sir Philip Sidney, and Ben Jonson. Imperfect as Puttenham's work is upon the whole, it was the only piece of poetical criticism of any consequence that England produced for a long period. Indeed, nothing considerable appeared on the subject till Dryden began to write his prefaces.

During Queen Elizabeth's reign, the English language was carried by some writers to a high degree of perfection. There have not been wanting persons who have thought that our native tongue then rose to the greatest excellence which it has ever attained; and Dr. Johnson, we believe, has expressed the same sentiment. In this sentiment, however, we do not agree, though we are sensible of the extraordinary merit of a few individuals in the point we are considering. Among these, particular praises are due to Richard Hooker, whom we have already celebrated as a divine. He exhibited a fine model of the reasoning style, and set a noble example to those who should come after him; an example which was successfully followed by a Chillingworth, a Locke, and a Hoadley.—Sir Walter Raleigh afforded several proofs in this reign of that dignity of composition which he afterward displayed in his History of the World.—A book has lately fallen into our hands, which informs us that the style of William Perkins, an eminent divine at Cambridge, of the puritanical cast, is the best of any of that age or the next, and that many passages in his writings are equal to those of the best authors in modern times. Not having read Perkins's works, we cannot say how far this high character of them, in respect to language, is just. The puritans, in general, paid little attention to polite studies, and the elegancies of composition. Though they were not destitute of erudition, their learning was seldom accompanied with taste. But Perkins was above the common rank of the divines of

that period; and he was distinguished by his moderation, as well as by his ingenuity and literature.

Some of the statesmen of Queen Elizabeth's reign excelled in the propriety, freedom, and strength of their style. This was the case with Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, one of whose letters, which is preserved in the Biographia Britannica, is admirable with regard to the manner in which it is written, and rises much above the general character of the times. Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, her Majesty's great favourite, could occasionally distinguish himself in the same way. Several of his letters that have fallen under our observation are good models of epistolary composition. The name of Thomas Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex, might be added on the present occasion. But of all the illustrious characters of this period, none, with relation to the ability of English composition, came up to Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the Queen's other favourite. In a variety of instances he gave ample proofs of his being both a vigorous and an elegant writer. Indeed, public men may be more likely to excel in this respect than mere scholars. The latter, being confined to their closets, are in danger of contracting a formality and stiffness of style; and this was particularly the case, when the learned by profession did not so generally mix with the world as is customary at present. But those who are engaged in the grand scene of business, who have their talents called into exercise by frequent and striking emergencies, and who follow the dictates of their immediate feelings, provided they have had a tolerable education, acquire an ease and a variety of expression, which the others cannot readily attain.

During the short reigns of Edward the Sixth and Queen Mary, no historian occurred that was deemed worthy of notice. In Elizabeth's time, historical composition continued still to be very imperfect; notwithstanding which, several writers existed who must not be passed over in silence; for, though they are defective in elegance, they are useful for the information they have given, and the light they have thrown on the circumstances and manners of the times.—Holinshed is often consulted and referred to in this view. His Chronicles, which extend to Scotland and Ireland, were not written solely by himself. The part relating to England was in a great measure his own; but in the Irish history he was assisted by Richard Stanyhurst, and in the Scotch by Francis Boteville. The whole work is chiefly to be regarded as a compilation. Holinshed had various other assistants, two of whom were William Hamson, a divine, and

John

John Hooker a principal citizen of Exeter, and uncle to the Richard Hooker whom we have had ſuch particular occaſion to celebrate.

John Stowe, is uſually deſcribed as an antiquary, but he muſt be mentioned alſo as a hiſtorian. The utility of his works in this character has been experienced by many writers; for various facts are related by him that are curious and intereſting, and which ſtrongly mark the age wherein he lived. Stowe was indefatigable in his collections, and honeſt and faithful in his recitals; and there is a ſimplicity in him, which ſometimes gives greater pleaſure than more finiſhed narratives.—Thomas Newton extended his hiſtorical views beyond the limits of his own nation; for he wrote a hiſtory of the Saracens, drawn out of Auguſtus Curio, and a ſummary, or brief chronicle of the Saracens and Turks. Previouſly to the preſent period, a hiſtory of Italy, which eſcaped our notice in its proper place, was publiſhed by William Thomas, who had reſided a conſiderable time at Bologna and Padua,—David Chambers, contrary to the ſpirit of the age, which, when our tongue was not uſed, made Latin the vehicle of information, was the author of three hiſtorical works, relative to France, England, and Scotland, that were compoſed in the French language. This was a model not to be followed: nor do we recollect its having ever been followed. In David Chambers it aroſe from his peculiar ſituation: for he was intimately connected with France, and reſided in that country the laſt twenty years of his life. He was a zealous partizan of Mary Queen of Scots.

(To be continued.)

Anecdotes of the Life of the Right Hon. William Pitt, the late Earl of Chatham.

THE Earl of Chatham was born on the 15th of November, 1708, in the pariſh of St. James's, Weſtminſter.—He received the firſt part of his education at Eton, where he was placed upon the foundation. At the age of 18 he was ſent to Trinity College, Oxford; and among the verſes preſented by that Univerſity upon the death of George the Firſt, we meet with a Latin compoſition, in hexameter verſe, by Mr Pitt; conſiſting of about 50 lines, which evince both a warm imagination, and a claſſical taſte in that language.

Before

Before he left Eton he was afflicted with the gout, which increased during his residence at Oxford; and which at length obliged him to quit the University without taking a degree.—He afterwards made the tour of part of France, and part of Italy; but his disorder, being too firmly established by hereditary entail, was not removed by it. He, however, constantly employed the intervals from this painful and tedious malady in the improvement of his mind. It was said by the Earl of Chesterfield, who, according to the biographer, rather envied than admired Mr. Pitt's superiority, "that thus he acquired a great fund of premature and useful knowledge."

He came first into Parliament in the month of February, 1735, for the borough of Old Sarum. Having five sisters and an elder brother, his fortune was not very considerable: his friends therefore obtained for him a Cornet's commission in the blues, in addition to his income.

Mr. Pitt's first speech in Parliament was on the 28th of April, 1736, upon seconding a motion made by his friend Mr. Lyttleton, afterwards the Lord of that name, for presenting an address to his Majesty upon the nuptials of the Prince of Wales. The speeches of both gentlemen, being what are called maiden, or first speeches, were honoured with the warmest approbation of every auditor. Upon every question Mr. Pitt divided with his friends, against the Minister; of whose measures, on every occasion, he was a firm and determined opponent. Sir Robert Walpole was exasperated by his conduct; and having, a little before, exercised his power to the prejudice of some other military officers, for a similar offence, he made no hesitation in likewise dismissing Mr. Pitt; a step which only served to increase the consequence of the latter, both in the eyes of his patrons and the public. On this occasion the following lines were addressed to him by Mr. Lyttleton:

"Long had thy virtues mark'd thee out for fame,
"Far, far superior to a Cornet's name:
"This gen'rous Walpole saw, and griev'd to find
"So mean a post disgrace that noble mind.
"The servile standard from the freeborn hand
"He took, and bade thee lead the patriot band."

Lord Cobham, a nobleman in high estimation, was now among the foremost to offer his services and friendship to Mr. Pitt. "It is no wonder, indeed," says the biographer, "that a nobleman possessing the knowledge, the virtue, and the dis-

cernment

cernment of Lord Cobham, ſhould be ſo captivated with, and attached to his young friend; for to brilliancy of talents, to a high ſenſe of honour, and to the moſt exalted principles of public and private virtue, Mr. Pitt had united every elegant accompliſhment; and his manners and addreſs were as irreſiſtible as his eloquence.'

For ſeveral years the hiſtory of Mr. Pitt's life conſiſts of his conduct in Parliament, where, through ſucceſſive changes in adminiſtration, he continued a vigorous opponent of the meaſures of government. On this account, Sarah, Ducheſs Dowager of Marlborough, by a codicil to her will, dated on the 11th of Auguſt, 1744, bequeathed to Mr. Pitt a legacy in theſe words: "I alſo give to William Pitt, of the pariſh of St. James's, within the Liberty of Weſtminſter, Eſq. the ſum of 10,000l. upon account of his merit in the noble defence he has made for the ſupport of the laws of England, and to prevent the ruin of his country."

In 1746 Mr. Pitt, whoſe promotion, we are told, had before been poſitively refuſed by his Majeſty, was appointed a Vice-Treaſurer of Ireland; and, in May following, ſucceeded to the place of Paymaſter of the Forces; a ſituation in which he is ſaid to have acquitted himſelf with ſingular honour and integrity. One fact, relative to this ſubject, deſerves to be particularly mentioned. When the Parliament granted ſubſidies to the King of Sardinia and Queen of Hungary, payable at the Paymaſter's office, half per cent. or more uſed to be taken from the whole ſubſidy, in the moſt reputable times, and by thoſe of the moſt approved characters, as a perquiſite of office. This, which would have amounted to a large ſum, Mr. Pitt refuſed. The King of Sardinia, on being informed of the tranſaction, expreſſed his ſurpriſe at ſuch an inſtance of diſintereſtedneſs, and ordered his agent to offer the ſame ſum, as a royal preſent, to Mr. Pitt, who had before refuſed it as a perquiſite. His anſwer was, that as the Parliament had granted thoſe ſums for ſuch uſes, he had no right to any part of the money; that he did no more than his duty in paying it entire; and hoped the refuſal of the King's preſent upon that occaſion would not give offence. When his Sardinian Majeſty was informed of this, he ſaid, "Surely this Engliſhman is ſomewhat more than a man."

Upon the death of Mr. Pelham, when the Duke of Newcaſtle was promoted to the Treaſury, Mr. Pitt, we are told, expected to be made Secretary of State; but he was not appointed to that office till October, 1756. At this period commenced his renowned adminiſtration, which continued, but with interruption,

ruption, until October, 1761, when he resigned his employment, amidst the applause, and to the general regret, of his country.

While he held the place of Secretary of State, he had no levees, but dedicated his whole time to the duties of his station; and he retired from office with little more than a pension of 3000l. a year for his support. It appears that negociations were afterwards repeatedly opened with him for resuming a share in the government; in consequence of one of which he held, for a short period, the place of Lord-Privy-Seal; and henceforth he lived uniformly retired from public affairs; however, on great national subjects, still distinguishing himself occasionally by his splendid and animated speeches in Parliament. On being appointed to the Privy-Seal he was raised to the dignity of Earl of Chatham.

This distinguished personage died at Hayes, in Kent, on the 11th of May, 1778, in the 70th year of his age.

Of all the characteristic features by which his oratory was distinguished, none was more eminent than the bold purity and classical force of phraseology.

Those who have been witnesses to the wonders of his eloquence—who have listened to the music of his voice, or trembled at its majesty—who have seen the persuasive gracefulness of his action, or have felt its force; those who have caught the flame of eloquence from his eye—who have rejoiced at the glories of his countenance—or shrunk from his frowns—will remember the resistless power with which he impressed conviction. In these sketches of his original genius they will read what they have heretofore heard; and their memory will give due action to the picture, by re-figuring to their minds what they have with admiration seen. But, to those who never heard nor saw this accomplished orator, the utmost effort of imagination will be necessary, to form a just idea of that combination of excellence, which gave perfection to his eloquence: his elevated aspect, commanding the awe and mute attention of all who beheld him; whilst a certain grace in his manner, conscious of all the dignities of his situation, of the solemn scene he acted in, as well as his own exalted character, seemed to acknowledge and repay the respect he received:—his venerable form bowed with infirmity and age; but animated by a mind which nothing could subdue:—his spirit shining through him, arming his eye with lightning, and clothing his lips with thunder; or, if milder topics offered, harmonising his countenance in smiles, and his voice in softness; for the compass of his

powers was infinite. As no idea was too vaſt, no imagination too ſublime, for the grandeur and majeſty of his manner; ſo no fancy was too playful, nor any alluſion too comic, for the eaſe and gaiety with which he could accommodate to the occaſion. But the character of his oratory was dignity: this preſided throughout; giving force becauſe ſecuring reſpect, even to his ſallies of pleaſantry. This elevated the moſt familiar language, and gave novelty and grace to the moſt familiar alluſions; ſo that, in his hand, even the crutch became a weapon of oratory.

Memoirs of the Life of Edward Chriſtian de Kleiſt, the celebrated Military Poet of Germany.

EDWARD CHRISTIAN DE KLEIST, a famous German poet, and a ſoldier of diſtinguiſhed bravery, was born at Zeblin, in Pomerania, in 1715. At nine years of age he was ſent to purſue his ſtudies at Cron, in Poland; and he afterwards ſtudied at Dantzick and Koningſberg. Having finiſhed his ſtudies, he went to viſit his relations in Denmark, who invited him to ſettle there; and having in vain endeavoured to obtain preferment in the law, at 21 years of age he accepted of a poſt in the Daniſh army. He then applied himſelf to the ſtudy of all the ſciences that have any relation to military affairs, with the ſame aſſiduity as he had before ſtudied civil law. In 1740, at the beginning of the reign of Frederick III. King of Pruſſia, Mr. de Kleiſt went to Berlin, and was preſented to his Majeſty, who made him Lieutenant of his brother Prince Henry's regiment; and he was in all the campaigns which diſtinguiſhed the firſt five years of the King of Pruſſia's reign. In 1749, he obtained the poſt of Captain; and in that year publiſhed his excellent poem on the Spring. Before the breaking out of the laſt war, the King choſe him, with ſome other officers at Potſdam, companion to the young Prince Frederick William of Pruſſia, and to eat at his table. In the firſt campaign, in 1756, he was nominated Major of Hauſen's regiment; which being in garriſon at Leipſic, he had time to finiſh ſeveral new poems. After the battle of Roſbach, the King gave him, by an order in his own hand-writing, the inſpection of the Great Hoſpital eſtabliſhed at Leipſic. And on this occaſion his humanity was celebrated by the ſick and wounded of both parties, and his diſintereſtedneſs was equally admired by all the inhabitants of that city.

In 1758, Prince Henry coming to Leipſic, Mr. Kleiſt deſired to ſerve in his army with the regiment of Hauſen, which was readily granted. Opportunities of diſtinguiſhing himſelf could not be wanting under that great officer, and he always communicated his courage to the battalion under his command. He alſo ſerved that Prince at the beginning of the campaign of 1759, when he was with him at Franconia, and in all the expeditions of that army, till he was detached with the troops under General de Fink, to join the King's army.

On the 12th of Auguſt, was fought the bloody battle of Kunerſdorf, in which he fell. He attacked the flank of the Ruſſians, and aſſiſted in gaining three batteries. In theſe bloody attacks he received twelve contuſions; and the two firſt fingers of his right hand being wounded, he was forced to hold his ſword in the left. His poſt of Major obliged him to remain behind the ranks; but he no ſooner perceived the commander of the battalion wounded and carried away, than he inſtantly put himſelf at the head of his troop. He led the battalion in the midſt of the terrible fire of the enemy's artillery, againſt the fourth battery. He called up the colours of the regiment; and, taking an Enſign by the arm, led him on. Here he received a ball in his left arm; when, being no longer able to hold his ſword in his left hand, he took it again into the right, and held it with the two laſt fingers and his thumb. He ſtill puſhed forward, and was within 30 ſteps of the battery, when his right leg was ſhattered by the wadding of one of the great guns; and he fell from his horſe, crying to his men, "My boys, do not abandon your King." By the aſſiſtance of thoſe who ſurrounded him, he endeavoured twice to remount his horſe; but his ſtrength forſook him, and he fainted. He was then carried behind the line; where a ſurgeon, attempting to dreſs his wounds, was ſhot dead.

The Coſſacs arriving ſoon after, ſtripped Mr. de Klieſt naked, and threw him into a miry place; where ſome Ruſſian huſſars found him in the night, and laid him upon ſome ſtraw near the fire of the grand guard, covered him with a cloak, put a hat on his head, and gave him ſome bread and water. In the morning one of them offered him a piece of ſilver, which he refuſed; on which he toſſed it upon the cloak that covered him, and then departed with his companions. Soon after the Coſſacs returned, and took all that the generous huſſars had given him. Thus he lay naked on the earth; and in that cruel ſituation continued till noon, when he was known by a Ruſſian of-

ficer,

ficer, who caused him to be conveyed in a waggon to Frankfort on the Oder, where he arrived in the evening, in a very weak ſtate, and was inſtantly put into the hands of the ſurgeons.—But the fractured bones ſeparating, broke an artery, and he died by the loſs of blood.

The city of Frankfort being then in the hands of the enemy, they buried this Pruſſian hero with all military honours: the Governor, a great number of the Ruſſian officers, the magiſtrates of the city, with the profeſſors and the ſtudents, formed the proceſſion, preceded by the funeral muſic. Mr. de Kleiſt's poems, which are greatly admired, are elegantly printed in the German tongue, in two volumes, 8vo.

An Account of a natural Curioſity in Scotland.

IN the courſe of the autumn 1792, Thomas and John Carruthers and Robert Beattie, tackſmen of a free-ſtone quarry belonging to the Viſcount of Stormont, lying at the foot of the water of Kirtle, in their progreſs of working the ſame, diſcovered a maſs of tar, incruſted on all ſides with the rock. The hollow in which it was found, would have held about a gallon and a half Scotch meaſure; and the quantity of tar found, was about an Engliſh pint and a half. When the tar ſo found was tried, it burnt in fire like common tar extracted from fir, but had not the ſame ſmell, but ſmelled a little of ſulphur. When found, it was ſoft, and became fluid in the fire.

The rock in which it was found is a white free-ſtone of a good quality.—There was no ſide joint in the rock in which the tar was found nearer than three feet.

The quarriers are of opinion it has proceeded from a ſpring in the north-weſt ſide of the quarry. This ſpring leaves a black ſlimy ſubſtance like tar; and this ſubſtance, they imagine, oozing through the pores of the rock, has produced the maſs above mentioned.

Anſwer, by Harriet Maria Symons, of Stonehouſe, to Fidelio's Rebus, inſerted November 5.

IN the orations of a Fox we find
Bright, active wit, with eloquence combin'd;

Without the *helm* no human art can guide,
The ſmalleſt veſſel on the flowing tide;
In ſacred pages ancient writers tell,
How by a *ſtone* the great Goliath fell;
BRIGHTHELMSTONE is the place where oft the fair,
For health and pleaſure eagerly repair.

‡ We have received the like anſwer from J. K. C. near Wells; S. Hill, near Dawliſh; M. Roberts, of Mr. Rowe's ſchool, Probus; P. Reed, of R. Skellabear's ſeminary, Plymouth; W. H. of Dean Prior; T. Giles, of Bridgewater; W. Brewer, of Taunton; Eremita, of Weſton Zoyland; O. S. of Briſtol; Philagathus, of Dartington; J. C. of Taviſtock; and J. Leverton, of Penryn.

A QUESTION, *by John Ryder, of Marſh Mill, near Plymouth.*

WHAT length of a wire that is one-fourth of an inch in circumference can be drawn from 2 ſolid feet of braſs?

An ANAGRAM, *by Iſaac Salter, of Payhembury.*

GO ſcan the world, from eaſt to weſt,
Thro' every age and nation;
You'll find my firſt, within the breaſts
Of men in every ſtation.
Now this invert, you'll find a ſport,
Attended oft with pleaſure;
Tranſpos'd again, twill ſhew full plain
The plural of a meaſure.

An ACROSTIC REBUS, *by a Grandſon of the Schoolmaſter of St. Stephen's in Brannel.*

THE ſtays on which our dwellings chiefly bear;
What binds in golden link the married pair;
What coblers in their occupation uſe;
What in pairs ſhaken, beggery oft produce;
The foreſt's monarch, of majeſtic mien;
The place where good men are on Sundays ſeen;
Of theſe ſix things the initials only keep,
You'll name a Corniſh pariſh fam'd for ſheep.

POETRY.

ODE *for the* NEW YEAR, 1793.

By HENRY JAMES PYE, *Esq. Poet Laureat.*

NOT with more joy from desert shades,
  Where prowl, untam'd, the savage train,
From pathless moors and barren glades,
  Sad Desolation's gloomy reign
Averted, bends the weary eye
To seats of rural industry,
Where harvests wave in yellow pride,
Where spreads the fertile champaign wide.
The lucid stream, while Commerce leads
Thro' peopled towns and laughing meads;
Than turns the minds from scenes of woe,
Where ceaseless tears of anguish flow;
Where Anarchy's insatiate brood,
Their horrid footsteps mark with blood,
To shores where temperate Freedom reigns,
Where peace and order bless the plains,
Where men the Sovereign of their choice obey,
Where Britain's grateful sons exult in George's sway.

Yet Albion ne'er with selfish aim
  To her own race her care confines,
On all, the sacred gift who claim,
  The golden beam of Freedom shines.
Sad out-cast from his native shore,
The wretched exile wafted o'er,
Feels Pity's lenient hand assuage
The wounds of Faction's cruel rage;
Her laws, to all protective yield
Security's impartial shield:
Who breathes her air, breathes purest liberty,
Gaunt Slavery flies the coast, who treads her soil is free.

Ambition's

Ambition's clarion has not charm'd
Her dauntless legions to the war,
Nor have her sons, by fury arm'd,
Follow'd Oppression's iron car;
Tho' prompt at Honour's call to brave
The hostile clime, the adverse wave,
Their thunder 'neath the burning zone
Shook the proud Despot on his throne;
Yet while aloft in Orient skies
Conquest's triumphant banner flies,
The generous victor bids the conflict cease,
And 'midst his laurels twines the nobler wreaths of Peace.

Blest Peace! O may thy radiance mild
Beam kindly on the opening year!
Yet should with frantic vengeance wild
The fiends of Discord urge their rash career,
Not cold in Freedom's sacred cause,
Not slow to guard her holy laws,
Faithful to him their hearts approve,
The monarch they revere, the man they love,
Britannia's sons shall arm with patriot zeal,
Their Prince's cause their own, his rights the general weal.

Lines written by Mr. Halloran, Master of Alphington Academy, near Exeter, and recited by Master Richard Ellicombe, one of the Pupils at that Academy, before a numerous and polite Audience, on December 20, 1792.

OF all the blessings on mankind bestow'd,
The first, the noblest, Reason is allow'd;
Strength, beauty, vigour, not to him alone
Confin'd, in various animals are shown;
But him alone the pow'rs of Reason grace,
The grand prerogative of human race;
On him the sacred emanation flows
From Heaven, and with his years maturing grows.
But what were Reason in our bosoms pent,
For ever dormant, and depriv'd of vent?
Like precious pearls, in ocean's darksome caves
Conceal'd beneath unfathomable waves:
In vain ideas in our breasts might lie
Unknown, and incommunicable die;
If Providence, our every want to reach,
Had not supplied her second gift of speech,

Whence social joys, and intercourse began,
And sacred Science spreads from man to man.

This wondrous organ, which our thoughts conveys,
In words imperfect makes its first essays;
So new-fledg'd birds but short excursions try,
Ere Nature gives their pinions strength to fly;
Then as our Reason ripens with our years,
A form less rude improving language wears;
And while our bosoms noblest passions feel,
The tongue, those passions struggles to reveal;
But here, tho' bounteous Nature does her part,
Expression fails, and needs the aid of art.

Hence in the noblest states that time can boast,
The art of Eloquence was studied most;
Hence Rome and Athens woo'd her pow'rful charms,
Nor flourish'd less in Eloquence than arms;
And while their sons her gen'rous influence felt,
Her sister, Liberty, among them dwelt;
But when contemn'd, the lib'ral arts retir'd,
Freedom and Eloquence at once expir'd.

Would'st thou the pow'rs of Elocution view?
Demosthenes' resistless course pursue;
Who, like a river, rapid, clear, and strong,
O'erpower'd the mind, and forc'd assent along;
When Athens crouch'd beneath a tyrant's yoke,
In words of thunder to her sons he spoke;
Awak'd their souls to Freedom and to Fame,
And rous'd their latent virtues into flame!
While from his lips th' impetuous torrent pour'd,
Each kindling hero grasp'd his shield and sword;
And more than armies, aw'd by him alone,
The Macedonian trembled on his throne!

When mighty Rome, that rul'd the world before,
And fix'd her conqu'ring eagles on each shore;
To her own factious sons a prey became,
And luxury suppress'd the patriot flame;
When furious Cataline (a name abhorr'd)
Against his country drew his impious sword;
Then, pride of Rome, and terror of her foes,
The mighty eloquence of Tully rose.

As Thames and Ganges, in their azure tides
Reflect the vistas that adorn their sides,

Aw'd by his pow'rs abandon'd Faction fled,
His reſcu'd country rear'd her drooping head,
And him, with ſhort-liv'd gratitude inflam'd,
Her ſecond founder, and her father nam'd;
Charm'd by his voice, on which perſuaſion hung,
Departing Freedom linger'd on his tongue;
Her laſt faint flame his ardent ſpirits fann'd,
And with his breath ſhe left th' ill-fated land.
The ſcourge of tyrants, Freedom's firmeſt friend,
To thee, Oh ſacred Eloquence! we bend*;
Urg'd by theſe bright examples in our view,
In early youth thy magic charms to woo,
Nor let the pedant, with faſtidious ſneers,
Scowl on theſe labours of our childiſh years;
Nor let harſh Cenſure's ſupercilious brow
Wither th' expanding bloſſoms, ere they blow;
For tho' not all can catch the ſacred flame,
Juſt is our wiſh, and honeſt is our aim.

Haply ev'n here, impervious to the eye,
In the rough ſtone as brighteſt luſtres lie,
Till wrought by ſkilful toil, intenſely bright,
Its dazzling ſplendours meet the aſtoniſh'd ſight;
Ev'n here by youth, by inexperience veil'd,
Some embryo orator may lie conceal'd;
Some latent powers, which in the age to come,
May emulate the praiſe of Greece and Rome:
But as weak plants, that court a kindly ſky,
But nipt by north winds droop the head and die;
So cold contempt our youthful pow'rs may chill,
And in its birth our infant genius kill!

As the pale moon-beams quiver thro' the trees,
Ev'n ſo *we* tremble, while we ſtrive to pleaſe;
Our troubled minds alternate paſſions rule,
Now hopes inſpire us, and now terrors cool;
And emulous of praiſe, each anxious breaſt
Is yet by awful diffidence repreſs'd!

Yet while our conſcious weakneſs we declare,
This gen'rous circle will with candour ſpare;
But if, too partial to our humble toils,
Theſe efforts meet our friends' approving ſmiles,
Thus cheer'd with tenfold ardour we proceed,
Till Time ſhall crown us with his nobleſt meed.

* Bowing to the audience.